

From the Desk of the Warden-Commander by Luddleston

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Summary:

While Amell is in Amaranthine and Alistair is on the thaw hunts, their only recourse is to write to one another.

Alistair isn't expecting the letters to be so *filthy*.

From the Desk of the Warden-Commander

Author's Note:

Awakening was one of my favorite parts of Origins but I missed Alistair so much!! So here's what he's up to.

[A letter addressed to Warden-Commander George Amell, Vigil's Keep, Amaranthine]

George,

You told me to write so here I am, writing. I confess I do not know what to say really. Never was very good at writing in school and I feel I have so much to tell you it would be impossible to do so with words on paper. At the very least my hand would cramp up before I managed to get it all out or I would lose my trail of thought, although I do that when I am talking often so that wouldn't be much different...

Dealing with the after effects of the Blight has been almost as much of a challenge as the Blight itself. At least with the arch demon, all we had to do was find the biggest dragon and kill it. Now, it's about ferreting out all these little pockets of remaining darkspawn and it reminds me of the time the chantry was infested with cockroaches.

I am keeping my wits about me in fights as you ordered. It is much more difficult not knowing you have my back, and I can only hope it is easier for you. Pudding does his best to stand in, many of the Orlesian wardens and the new recruits say he is the most ferocious mabari they have ever seen. He is not as good to cuddle with as you are either. Do not tell him I said that. He is perfectly nice to cuddle actually, it is just that he isn't you.

The wardens (especially the new ones) ask after you often. The recruits will hang on to every word I say about the incredible commander who defeated the Blight and the archdemon. Soon they will realize that I can talk about you until the sun sets and then rises again, but for now nobody has told me to stop and so I shan't.

It's just that I can't help thinking of you every moment of every day. I do not know what to say except that I love you, and I hope this reaches you quickly so that I can hear back from you just as fast. I hope you are well and your journeys as easy as they can be for somebody in your position. I know you are doing great things.

I have said it already, but I love you. Deeply, terribly, and with all of my heart. Every day that passes is one closer to seeing you again, my dear, and for that I am grateful.

Yours eternally,

Alistair

—

[A letter on official-looking stationery, delivered alongside correspondence from the Warden-Commander about the state of affairs in Amaranthine]

Alistair,

It is good to hear you are well, and that Pudding is also. I reached Vigil's Keep to find everything was a disaster, which sort of tends to be how my arrival anywhere tends to go. Luckily, I am very good at fixing disasters, so we had things sorted by night's end. I am writing to you following the first Joining in the Vigil, and all I can think is that I wish it were you welcoming the new Wardens with me.

One of the new Wardens happens to be Oghren, of all people. I told him I was writing to you and he said I ought to put some sort of naughty sketch in there. I think I can paint a much more illuminating picture with my words, so I will not be doing any naughty sketches, because I am a terrible artist. When I explained this to Oghren, he did that doodle you see in the corner. I am told it is a piece of female anatomy that Oghren *must* have seen at some point in his lifetime, but as you can see it does not look like much of anything recognizable.

The other surviving Warden from the first Joining (we only lost one, and thank the Maker none of them panicked and tried to duck out) is actually an old acquaintance of mine from the Circle. His name is Anders, you will recall him as the boy who told me that the only good templar is a man who never became a templar in the first place. Apparently there is another form of good templar to him and it is a dead one, so I had to conscript him or else he would have been executed.

Finally, we have added to our crew Nathaniel Howe, son of the arl of the same name, who of course you will remember as a terrible person. Arl Howe, not his son, although the lad is as surly as they come and actually said he'd rather be hung than conscripted. Hung? Hanged? In any case, I hope he finds cause to mellow. I can't fault him entirely for his anger, I did kill his father, but in all fairness, his father was trying to kill me.

Enough about my circumstances, though. It will be hard to sleep without you tonight, at least for the past while I have been on the road, so there have been distractions aplenty. I can only hope I am exhausted enough not to miss your arms around me.

I refuse to let this letter be positively dreary, though. So I must tell you, I have a very large bed in here and I would much rather you were in it. The bedcovers are all done in Warden blue, so dark I cannot believe they used the dye on something like linens, but I imagine the depth of it would look nice against your skin. Especially when you are all flushed from my hands upon you. Does it occur to you that we haven't been in a proper bed together since the night before the battle in Denerim?

I mean, certainly we have slept in a bed together but I haven't fucked you in one. As romantic as our wedding night was, under the stars and all that, I cannot wait to ride you into this mattress. It's very cushy. Bouncy, even. I am eager to completely wreck you once you arrive—in all the best ways of course. I am still in possession of that toy I acquired at the Wonders of Thedas, it was sent along with my personal effects from Soldier's Peak. It will be perfectly all right we're not under the stars. I'll take you until you see some stars, instead.

I am eager to hear your thoughts on this, Alistair.

All my love, forever,

George

—

[A letter returned in the same envelope, with the addressee scratched out and replaced with 'to Warden-Commander Amell' followed by 'sorry—I didn't have another envelope', the second note ostensibly to the courier]

GEORGIANA AMELL.

Please forgive the use of your full name because I had to express it in a way you might read it like when Wynne says it to scold you.

I was delighted to read your letter but very surprised at the contents! Wow! I am really not sure what to say.

Alright, I stopped writing for a moment to gather my thoughts and now I am back. Dearest of my heart, my beloved wife, I absolutely long to be in your bed, although I do not know if I can bring myself to put it in as explicit terms as you do. Forgive me for being a bit shy on that front. What if someone reads them??

What I do have no qualms about writing, though, is how often I dream of you, just holding you, and kissing you. It is lucky I do not sleepwalk or I may wake up spooning Pudding (or else being spooned by Pudding, as would mimic our usual arrangements). I'm not sure exactly what else to write about this except that I miss being close to you, close enough to touch. Please feel free to direct me on what you want me to tell you because you have much more experience in Romantic Letter Writing than I, if Adrianna is to be believed.

Did I tell you some of the Circle mages are still with us? They are a great help. And it is not at all strange working directly alongside my wife's ex lover.

(If it did not come through over the written word, please imagine me saying that last sentence in a very sarcastic tone. It is bloody weird.)

I pray your next letter makes it to me swiftly. I want to know what you think of the gift I have enclosed, if it survives mostly intact. The petals are from Lothering—we returned there to clear out the remainder of the Darkspawn and I found that the same rose bush (at least, I think it is the same rose bush) still lives and was in bloom. I am starting to think some hedge witch put some sort of enchantment on this rose bush because I am not sure how else it would have survived. In any case, though the village around had fallen into disrepair, the roses were still beautiful. In fact I think they are more beautiful because everything around was so wretched.

I don't think all beauty is like that, seeming all the more lovely for vile surroundings. For example, you seem ever more enchanting no matter what you are surrounded by. One may say that is mere sentiment on my part and that I am being, quote, 'sappy and extremely married,' but people (my fellow Wardens) would be wrong. I can guarantee, in fact, that you will be even more beautiful when next I see you than you were when last we saw one another.

Hopefully I can keep up!

Love,

Your heart and soul and other half (Alistair)

—

[A letter delivered alongside pages and pages of notes from Amaranthine, with 'Alistair' written on the front in large, haphazardly written letters, as if the writer nearly forgot to address it]

My heart and soul and other half (Alistair)

Things have been rather a mess around here, but I'm sure you gathered most of that from my official reports. You do read my official reports prior to my personal letters, right? In any case, I won't repeat details on the mess

with the darkspawn. As you know, I'm rather candid in my reporting, so there would be nothing to elaborate on, and I have better things to tell you, my love.

Give Adrianna my regards, I hope working with her has been alright even though you've been forced to confront parts of my past without me around. I also hope she hasn't been telling too many embarrassing stories, but I'm not an idiot so I don't believe this for a second. Life in the Circle means you are accustomed to being around a limited number of people which in turn means you can't harbor resentment for ex-lovers. Adrianna and I are very good friends still, as I'm sure you're aware.

It also seems she has detailed my pastime of leaving erotic letters in the most undesirable of library books and then recommending said books to ladies I was romantically involved with. Thank the Maker we don't have to go to that amount of subterfuge. I wonder if the enchanters ever found any of those...

But Alistair, with regards to your wondering what if somebody reads them, I would both hope that nobody is so desperate to intercept communicae from the Grey Wardens that they would read my personal letters to my husband, but also that if someone did do such a thing, they would not be scandalized by the fact that my personal letters to my husband discuss our sex life. We are married after all.

As far as further letters go, you need tell me no detailed fantasies if you'd prefer not to (though I wouldn't mind one or two). What I would very much like to hear is what you feel while you're reading me tell you all the myriad ways I want to have you, and also what you do about it afterward, particularly if it involves going straight to your bed and touching yourself. Or doing it right at your desk. That's what I would do, were my desk not in an office that is accessible to most of my command.

With any luck, by the time you arrive here I will have installed a lock on my office door, because certain members of my crew (Justice in particular) are not in the habit of knocking. That way, I can be motivated to clear all the papers off of my desk, solely so that you might fuck me over it. It's the right height, I think. Sturdy enough to hold up under anything we put it to. I think

I'll let you decide whether you want me on my front or my back. I know you like looking at my face while we fuck, but I'll also have you know that after you left for Redcliffe but before Zevran made for Antiva, he gave me a tattoo. I'm not telling you what it is until you undress me, but it follows my spine. I think you will like it.

If that is not enough cause, I was thinking it may be a good position in which you might fuck my thighs. I know this isn't something we normally employ because it doesn't do quite as much for me, but my thighs are incredible and it seems rather unfair to leave a place on my body un-fucked. Besides, once you're finished, I have a very nice oak chair that I could drop into so that you could spread my legs, lick up your own spend, and then apply your mouth solely to the purpose of getting me off.

Reportedly, some men get so tired after they've come, they don't really attend to their lover's pleasure, but luckily I've never had cause to worry about that. You're too good for that, Alistair.

You ought to know I'm sitting at that desk right now, just picturing all the things I am going to do to you here. But I think I've given myself cause to go to bed now. It is late after all, later than you'd like me up, I'm sure.

There is nothing more to say except to express how eagerly I await your reply and to tell you how often and how very fondly I am thinking of you. I mean this in the sweetest, most loving way a spouse can, but also in the way that I am thinking of you on your knees and calling me 'Sir'.

Yours to the end of the world,

George

P. S. I ran into Wynne in Amaranthine. She says hello and tells you that you should write her when you can.

—

[A letter addressed to ~~George~~ Warden-Commander Amell]

Maker Georgie I just *[illegible scribbling]*

Forgive my lack of a salutation, but you have stolen the words from my lips and, it seems, from my pen.

Ordinarily I prepare to write back to you as soon as I'm done reading, I'm really quite organized about it. Tonight, though, I had to stop and gather my thoughts before I completed my response to you.

Your office sounds very nice. I would very much like to see it and I would very much like to see you there after you get a lock on the door because I like the idea of all of this you are talking about. I don't really have a desk where we're at right now, but I do have my own tent which means it was very easy to go straight to bed and take care of how incredibly affected I was by your words.

I fear I am not telling you anything you do not already know, because you're aware of just what you're doing, aren't you? Even now I can picture you making that face where you bite your lip to hide that you're grinning. Kicking your feet and everything.

It is difficult to write about what I would do if you were here, because if you were here I would not be writing at all. But that is the point, I suppose. Besides, there is not really anything novel in my current surroundings. We've ~~slept toge-~~made love in a tent plenty of times. Still, though, I would give a lot to just have you on top of me right now, like the first time we ever
——— fucked.

You tease me for how hard it was for me to say the Dirty Words when we first got together, so I urge you to imagine how it is to write them.

F U C K

ok now I just feel like a twelve year old scribbling profanities on the walls of the lavatory. Did you do that when you were 12? I did.

If I were of a strategic mind I would have gotten all that literary fumbling out on another piece of paper ~~but I am not of a strategic mind~~ sorry I had to

cross that out Wynne says I am not allowed to insult my own intelligence—

Anyhow George I think I would like for you to fuck me when we see each other again. I am not sure how you will be feeling but I think I would very much like to give up control and just let you have your way with me. Does that sound good? Because that sounds very good to me——

I took a break to think about how that sounds and it still is very good but now I am quite tired because it has been a while since I've done THAT twice in one night. I blame your letters.

It's terribly wonderful, please keep sending them.

On a completely different note, I wanted to write to you about your new companions, because I have some things to say that I will not be putting in official correspondences mostly because I hate writing official correspondences.

I feel like you are going to tell me I'm worrying unnecessarily but you have a walking corpse on your crew so you must forgive me if that scares me a little. I think a warrior who is a spirit inside of a corpse may not have much of a self preservation instinct, which is fine because I just need him to have a you preservation instinct. Please tell me he does.

I am glad you have an old friend from the Circle around and especially that he is a healer. I also think the Wardens as a group would be glad to have additional healers. I am sure some would be suspect toward Arl Howe's son but I of all people know you cannot judge someone for better or worse by the character of his father. I have distrusted you when you judged a person's intentions before when Zevran offered to join us and you were nothing but correct in his case so I trust you here as well. Just don't go on too many exciting adventures without us.

I cannot actually ask you to do that because I am aware that adventure follows you persistently. So I will only ask that you tell me about them in great detail and hope that I can be at your side soon so that we can go on more adventures together.

I need not tell you to stay strong, my dear, because I know you will, so instead I will tell you to stay safe.

Stay safe.

Love,

Your very pleasantly tired husband.

—

[A letter addressed to Alistair, but someone has replaced the dots on the i's with little hearts. It was done in a different color of ink, ostensibly by someone other than the writer.]

To my sweet, sweet boy,

I know the exact shade of red that your ears and your neck turned when you read this letter and I am utterly pleased with myself for it. And a bit proud, I admit, to have urged you to write the dirty words out on paper.

I will get you the responses to the latter half of your letter first (because they are less exciting). Justice is the best defender somebody could ask for, he has an extreme sense of camaraderie with his fellow warriors and thinks it would be incredibly immoral to let one of them be hurt on his account. Also while I do not think he feels the pain of his wounds he does try not to be hurt accidentally because it makes his body less functional.

I say this with all love for you and your way of existing but Justice also goes running into fewer traps. Of course I would rather have you by my side in any battle, because Justice is not the sort of person I would want to passionately kiss on the steps of a tower before running into the fight of our lives. He is as kind a person as I have ever met and is a truly good spirit but I don't particularly enjoy being close enough to smell him, much less taste him.

Anders has volunteered for dramatic kisses but I get the feeling he might be one of those types who kisses like an overly eager mabari so I said no. Also

I heard from Varel that Anders was very thoroughly kissing Nathaniel in the library a few days ago.

It made my heart ache, but not with any particular feeling for either of them. I desperately miss doing that with you, love. I wonder who is going to be more difficult to pry off of me when we see one another again: you or Pudding?

I described my office to you in our last correspondence, so I think I ought to continue my literary tour of Vigil's Keep: but only the places where I want to fuck you. Granted, I would like to fuck you literally anywhere in this keep but there are only so many places it would be feasible.

Having already described my bedroom to you I thought I ought to tell you about the bath. It's one of those big stone contraptions like in Orzammar, but as Vigil's Keep doesn't run over any underground magma vents, it's not self heating. No trouble for me, though. I could keep the bath nice and warm while I sit on your lap and make sure you're all cleaned up with the fancy soap I got in Amaranthine but especially that your tits are nice and clean.

I miss the noises you make when I squeeze them. I've never gotten much out of somebody touching my tits, but the way you moan, it's almost as good as when I'm touching your cock.

I've got all these oils for the bath, too, I think somebody thinks an arlessa needs a lot of fancy oil, but I simply think I ought to use them on you. It's been a while since I've given somebody a massage but I could make you melt.

And when I'm all done, I could ride you right there in the tub. And we wouldn't ever have to worry about the water going cold on us. I could go nice and slow—stop right when you're about to come and go back to feeling up your tits until you level out, then just work you up again.

Maybe if you're good, and you beg pretty, I'll let you come. Or I could just do this all night.

Love,

George

P. S. I have requested your presence at Vigil's Keep. I'll see you sooner than predicted.

—

[A letter that isn't in an envelope, simply folded over a couple of times with 'George Amell' written on the front]

George,

~~I'm coming~~—

I'm on my way to Vigil's Keep, as requested. I hope you know this is quite inconvenient as I was supposed to be going to the area around Orzammar

—————

I cannot even pretend to be cross with you about such a request. All the Orlesian Wardens are very pissed off at you though because they seem to like the fact that I can be convinced to do a lot of heavy lifting for them (sometimes literally!) But given your situation in Amaranthine I think you can't be blamed for asking for backup from another more experienced Warden who you definitely don't want to come along with you just because you want to fuck him in every room of the keep.

The official correspondence you sent said something about a room in the keep being ready for me by the time I get to Amaranthine but I hope you know I will not actually need one.

I will probably only arrive a day or so after this letter does. I don't have that much to prepare. Pudding is coming along with me, although he might slow us down a little bit because as powerful as a mabari is I do not think he is faster than a horse. Also he is an incredible ally who is worth any delay.

I eagerly await the moment I get to see you once again, my love. I only hope our reunion doesn't happen in front of a bunch of Important People

that you are trying to impress because I intend to pick you up off the ground and kiss you until everyone around is uncomfortable. I hope your crew is unflappable and it will take them a long time to do any sort of polite throat-clearing or outright tell us to stop.

Yours in spirit and soon to be yours in body too,

Alistair

—

[A note with the official seal of the Warden-Commander stamped where there should be an addressee's name, delivered by a page in Vigil's Keep]

Alistair,

Report to my quarters.

NOW.

—George

Author's Note:

If you want to see whatever Dragon Age Nonsense I'm doing, visit my tumblr [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to experience me being a nerd about classics, visit me on Twitter [@luddlestons](#) and if you want to see all that but horny, I invite you to my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut](#)